



hallmarks



1974.

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## PHOTOGRAPHY:

Betty Andrews

## ART WORK COURTESY OF

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Lee Ann Thornton

#2  
Sarah Lashlee '74

*A gift from heaven  
Sliding down rainbows  
which butterflies weave.  
A gift stolen  
By eager hands,  
needy hands.  
Robbing its own heart  
by reaching for another.  
The robber had sharp eyes  
stealing something already stolen,  
which nullifies the robber.  
The robber left in blank darkness.  
Where is the gift?*

AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO  
Martha Stamps '79

*Hard, cloddy shuffles  
he says he's waltzing  
But you can tell he's  
really doing a bad polka  
Wait, what's that sound?  
Could it really be the  
clear soft step of an  
Honorable eagle?*

LE PARISIEN  
Susan Gibson '74

*Par ses yeaux je peux voir  
Les lumieres de Paris.  
Il va ou j'espere aller,  
Et il me dit des choses,  
Desquelles je reve.*

BETTY ANDREWS '75

*Incredible, you seem—  
switching from tears  
to smiles  
without losing one in the other  
I join your laughing,  
then I listen to your thoughts—  
my soul is one with yours,  
I guess,  
So easily you change me.*

ECHOES

*Burn down  
this hollow  
corridor,  
this dark  
and nameless  
wasteland  
of Self—  
and melt in running colors  
the screaming blackness—  
then echoes  
may be filled  
with running color  
and emptiness  
forgotten  
when you are gone.*

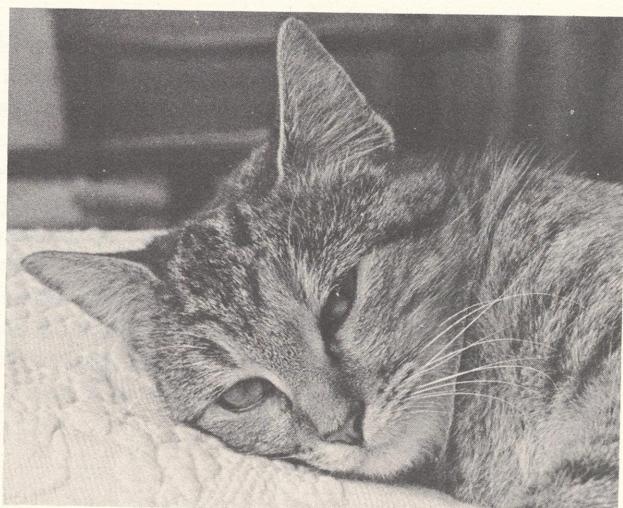
UNTITLED  
Vanessa Draper '75

*English test, Biology quiz,  
I'm no brain in either, but in gym I'm a whiz.  
It seems to me, although they don't show it,  
My teachers are plotting against me, I know IT!!  
In this I get F's, in that I get D's  
Good grief, something's wrong! I got a C!!!*

Amy Hall  
'74

CHEER  
Margaret Longhurst '76

*Sometimes when you don't feel so good,  
or things don't go just as they should,  
It helps to think of cheery things  
like a garden with butterfly wings,  
Or a rainbow's promise after the rain  
And morning's gold through your window pane.  
Think of fluffy kittens who love your squeezes,  
Dandelion puffs you can blow in the breezes,  
And friends who say bless you after your sneezes.  
There's a new star to wish on every night  
And fields of daisies to make your heart light.  
Cheer up! Things are never as bad as they seem  
if you dream your favorite kind of dream.  
Remember the people who can't do without you  
And letters that say "I've been thinking about you."  
Tomorrow you may hear a new secret told  
or find a new friend and a warm hand to hold.  
So if you're not feeling good  
if it's raining outside  
or in your heart  
Don't be blue.  
Think of all the happy things  
there are in the world for you.  
For when you cheer up,  
it cheers those who love you;  
Simply because they think the  
world of you!*



BETTY ANDREWS '75

*Smiling eyes, half-hidden—  
your beard smiles, too  
As do I—  
Energy and warmth, flowing  
easily—  
through soft worn jeans  
and shirt, unrestrained—  
and back again.  
In and out, it flows,  
your soul,  
never lessened,  
always stronger—  
building harmony,  
happiness,  
smiles.*

TO MY CHUMS  
Blair Scoville '74

*We've had some really funny times  
Together you and I  
And never a moment of it  
Would I trade.  
Just think the jokes we've cracked  
about everything and nothing;  
We couldn't remember now if  
life depended on it.*

*Think of the times we've split our  
sides laughing, so hard, that  
tears came to our eyes.  
Times when just looking each other  
in the eye brought instant hysteria.  
Times when even the dumbest things  
seemed funny and fun to poke at.*

*Wasn't it grand!  
If I had a nickel for every time  
I've laughed with my chums, I'd  
be a millionaire,  
But I'm rich anyway, I've  
got my chums.  
I'd much rather be off in some  
hysterical, whimsical, and nonsensical  
uproar of laughter and frivolity  
with them.  
Yes, I've got my chums.*

#3  
Sarah Lashlee '74

Before,  
i could live without you.  
Now,  
i can survive without you.

CRISIS:

QUICK!

And a savior cried:

there's a hole in the air  
but it's closing fast...

I'll meet you there  
at the next star cluster...

AND

leave you streamers  
to show the way...

Amy Hall  
'74

CLIMBING  
Melinda Smith '77

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BARBARA COUCH '74

During the Winter's first snow we constructed an ice-castle  
of glacial splendor. We remained many hours outside as a thickening curtain of white separated us from reality. We became aware of a muted and sparkling world of softness—a world we had not known before.

With the rebirth of Spring we discovered a pastel hillside of wildflowers. We sang and laughed, showered each other with tender waves of petals. Into our aloneness we welcomed the gentle warmth of the sun.

When Summer came, we climbed and climbed breathlessly until we reached a pool at the source of a mountain spring. We were awed and silent before the solitary magnitude of the great mountains contrasting a pregnant sky of purple.

On the first day of Autumn we explored the woods. Slipping on the mud beneath the raindrop-stained leaves, we clambered down to a dry riverbed. We helped one another find a path through the maze of crumbling boulders and piles of golden leaves. We finally reached our goal: a moss-covered log where we could remain together in our isolation.

## FOR "GOOD FRIENDS"

*Oh, we have changed,  
heaping changes  
on changes,  
yet always the same  
unto ourselves.*

*We encounter,  
converse and disperse  
our thoughts,  
and say goodbye  
unto ourselves—  
until another day  
when the half-light sky  
shall join our  
endless, timeless changes  
into one.*

*Then we'll change  
for each other  
and forever  
as the sunlight  
on the dancing waters  
moves lightly  
in one accord  
with life and  
death  
and the turning  
wheels of time.*

Amy Hall  
'74

## COMPLAINT

*Oh, Al!  
Are you going traipsing around again?  
Leaving me home with all your dirty laundry?  
What is it  
You find so profoundly interesting  
In all those pagan peoples you gleefully conquer?  
But wait!  
If you find your dream of an empire  
I'll be a royal empress and wear a golden crown.  
Think of it: doing laundry in an ermine cloak!*

Joyce Johnson  
'76

Some people wish the world were like fairy tales with the prince always getting the princess and the dragon always slain. But it is not and be thankful for it. Imagine instead of muggers in Central Park there would be fire-breathing dragons with not less than two heads. Or instead of burglars which you at least stand a chance of catching, wizards and witches who merely say a magical spell or wave their wands and voila! no furniture. Of course there were good fairy godmothers but by in large they would be badly outnumbered. Also what about your social life? Can you imagine saying to your best guy, "Oh, there's Aunt Tilly, the one on the broom." Praise be for the ordinary people, even the politicians can't blow up a city without the aid of a bomb, but those witches. . . .

Peggy Linn  
'76

## THE AWAKENING

Beth Smith '77

*Night  
Imprisoned the goddess  
She rose, parting sheer  
curtains.  
the darkness thrust against  
quickenning pace  
Stars as stepping stones for  
gentle grace  
Lucifer tumbled into sleep.*

*The golden gate — she paused  
"Why do they seem so  
serene in their slumber,  
tousled but lovely, that I  
Must rouse them?"*

*Slowly, she pressed the rosy gate  
reached  
to caress the sleeping ones with motherly warmth  
glowing fingers touched till the awakened  
crept, smiling, into dew-covered newness  
shivering,  
The goddess concealed a tear  
still touched by those  
enticed with twining light  
She swiftly turned from her loves  
to the palace  
Apollo readied his chariot  
"Soft!"  
the throne room faintly shines  
Peering she wondered what this  
through the window  
day might bring*

## I WANT TO BE FREE

*I only want to be free.*

*But  
I've got things to do.  
I've got to stay  
Here,  
They say.  
I can't leave now,  
They say.*

*I only want to be free.*

*Have you ever seen the  
Seagulls in the early  
Morning?  
They look so at ease  
With themselves and  
The world.  
But look again. They  
Are bound forever to  
Look for food and try,  
To survive.*

*I only want to be free.*

*Have you ever seen  
Wildhorses who seem  
To be able to run and  
Never reach a fence?  
You think "so beautiful,  
So free."  
Well, there is a fence,  
A rancher, a barn and  
A stall.*

*I only want to be free.*

*Maybe you think that  
A fish is free.  
Well, maybe, but look  
Hard.  
There are needs of a  
Fish. A need to eat,  
To reproduce.  
So a fish isn't free.  
For something free has  
No needs.*

*I only want to be free.*

*A breath of wind, a snowflake,  
A cloud or a raindrop.  
They all die soon,  
But for a short time they  
Live, they are free.  
Can you catch a cloud,  
Or the wind?  
Can a flake of snow, or  
A raindrop be held  
Prisoner?  
No, not really.  
I only want to be  
Free.  
Only  
Free.*

Lili Wright  
'77

## TWAS THE WEEK OF EXAMS

Vanessa Draper '75

*Twas the week of exams, and all through the house  
Everyone was hiding from me, I'd been acting like a louse.  
My papers were hung all over my room  
In hopes that a passing glance would save me from doom.  
Each night as my family lay snuggled in bed,  
I stayed up past midnight and studied and read.  
Well, I with my books (and pillow and cover),  
Sat down to see what I could discover.  
At half-past two, with the coffee getting low,  
There were still twenty chapters I had to know  
Then what, to my surprise, did I hear?  
But the coffee pot purring out—"Never fear"  
As I glared at the pot in disbelief  
The last words it purged were, "This sheet I bequeath."  
I took the paper and opened it up,  
"CHEAT SHEET" it read, and then I woke up.*

MICHELANGELO'S DAVID

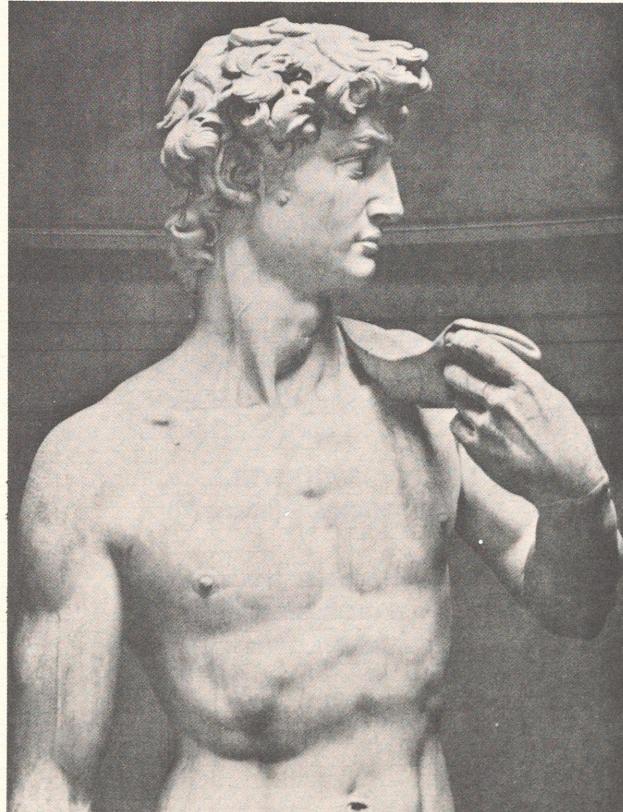
Trish Harrison '74

*He stands, imprinted on my mind  
In the pose that will forever remain dear to me,  
His mighty limbs relaxed, and yet  
Conscious of their dynamic power.*

*Those hands, so coarse and rough  
Have known toil and have not denied it.  
His hands are old,  
Worn with the labor of all humanity.*

*But his face, his face is that of a youth  
Smooth and handsome and untroubled.  
He is humble; his humility, endearing.  
But he is regal, as only a king can be.*

*His eyes sweep over vast oceans of time,  
Spanning the ages with their calm gaze.  
He smiles faintly with the wisdom of eternal youth.  
He is The David  
And I love him.*



UNTITLED

Julia Storey '77

As I stirred in my sleeping bag, little droplets of moisture fell from the sides of the tent, splashing on my face. Reluctantly, I pulled a hand out of the sleeping bag and unzipped the flap of the tent. A small avalanche of snow tumbled in, covering my face. I pulled myself up out of the sleeping bag and quickly withdrew a small towel from my pack and tried drying my hair a little. The snow had begun to melt in the tent, so I wadded up my sleeping bag and stuffed it in my pack. Armed with a small camp stove, snowshoes, and breakfast provisions, I painfully burrowed my way up through six feet of snow and emerged looking like the abominable snowman. With a tremendous shake, I sent the glittering snowflakes flying. After half an hour of no co-operation from the tiny snow, I just gave up and chewed on some pilot biscuits. The biscuits left a horrible taste in my mouth, but I decided the taste would have to remain because I wasn't about to crawl back down through the tiny snow tunnel just to get a toothbrush. Leaving the equipment marking the entrance to the tunnel, I trudged off through the snow with the cumbersome snowshoes on. I decided to look for signs of life. The snow drifts created a problem, because I was forever tripping in the snowshoes. Once I fell on my knees and had to struggle out of a deep hole I had made. Finally, I sat down softly on the snow and surveyed my surroundings. The snow sparkled and shined as the first thin rays of sun came bursting over a mountain top. I scanned the woods, looking for elk or deer. I didn't really expect to see any, for there was no protection among the short tree tops sticking out of the snow. Looking to the right I noticed a large area that looked like a ski slope. I craned my neck to see how far it went. Sure enough down the slope a short distance was a pile of broken up trees. This proved that there had been an avalanche. Suddenly a bright red flash caught my eye on down the slope. It appeared to be two legs sticking out of the ground. The legs were wriggling, so that was a good sign that the avalanche victim was alive. With a shriek of horror, I realized that this person must be slowly suffocating with his head in the snow. Stupidly, I shouted out my presence and started running clumsily towards the waving legs. The two shouts must have triggered another avalanche, for I heard a low rumbling sound and looked over my shoulder, finding a great mass of snow overtaking me. In a panic, I tried to speed up and fell on my face. The mass of snow caught me up as it raged down the mountain. All of a sudden, everything was still and silent. With a sudden shock of horror I realized that I was buried in the snow. Immediately, I began frantically clawing at the snow.

I did not reach the crisp air. Maybe I was digging downwards. I tried to turn myself over to dig the other way, but found out that I was packed in too tightly. I began scooping the snow off the sides to see if I could enlarge the hole, so I could turn over. I began to get tired soon because I was still on my back, or was I really on my stomach? It was getting harder to breathe. I could feel the wave of hysteria coming over me. The fact that I was packed tightly in the snow, not knowing which way was out, and probably would eventually suffocate brought on a feeling of nausea. I began again trying to make my hole bigger, when I heard a huge crash and the slow rumbling. With a tinge of hope I thought maybe another avalanche could dislodge me. After what seemed like hours, nothing happened. I was breathing in short heavy breaths. My body was already numbed, and I could barely move my fingers. The gloves were frozen stiff on my hands and wouldn't come off. Once more, I began digging, but the pain was so great that I passed out. I don't know how long I was out, but after I came to, I lay there praying to God that I was lying on top of the snow with the sun shining down on me. I slowly opened my eyes. Screams of horror came from within me. I still lay there in my icy prison. Without giving up hope, I thrashed my arms and legs about, hoping to cause even a small avalanche. My hand hit something solid on the right side. With a tremendous effort I turned over in that direction, hoping it would be a log on top of the snow. I dug faster and faster until I uncovered the solid thing. As quickly as possible I turned away. It must have been caught in the avalanche too. It was a deer, a tiny fawn, frozen stiff. He probably died of suffocation as probably I would die that way too, eventually. Suddenly, the mass of snow lurched forward unexpectedly, and I struggled with all my might to get out of my cage. Kicking and clawing at the snow, I made my prison bigger. I tried to sit up and everything went black. The blood had run out of my head very quickly and had left me senseless. Once more I tried to sit up, and with a shout of relief, my head went thrusting up through the snow. Inhaling the fresh air, I just sat there with my head sticking out of the snow. The stars twinkled cheerfully. The little sliver of moon shone dimly. Thank God! I struggled out on top of the snow and looked around. The waving red legs were gone. My footprints were gone. There was no sign of life anywhere. The slope which I had run down earlier seemed to be on all sides. Sensing my loss, I sank down in a crumpled heap on the snow.

BETTY ANDREWS '75

*I do not even try to tell you  
that I've been through all this  
before  
in my mind—  
I see where you are struggling and  
I accept it,  
not saying anything—  
can't—  
or  
won't?  
You accuse me and I accept it  
playing the game  
well  
Your struggle, it seems, will lead you  
here,  
and explaining seems so useless  
when you have to learn it for yourself  
anyway  
I think I'll just rest here a moment  
And wait for you  
to come.*

#### AT SALEM

*Tomorrow is the day  
That I will be  
Engulfed in flames  
Amid the stinging cries  
"Burn, you witch,"  
"You have your reward."  
Why is this?  
What have I done?  
Am I really a witch,  
An evil omen to  
These good citizens?  
Or are they?*

Amy Cross  
'77

#### FAREWELL

Merida Sullivan '76

*Tears hesitate precariously  
like a diamond pendant  
on a golden chain of sadness.*

SOLITAIRE  
Susan Gibson '74

*Loneliness . . .  
A face amid a crowd.  
And if only that car  
Slowing down by my drive  
Would change its mind,  
And consent to turn in.*

*Emptiness . . .  
A void within the universe.  
Like the resounding walls  
Of my deserted home,  
Like the dull throb  
Within my heart.*

*Hope . . .  
The ever lingering desire,  
That maybe the next car  
To come along  
Will be the lucky one.*

GRENDEL'S PLEA  
Martha Stamps '79

*I don't try to be mean  
Listen to me  
Please understand.  
If you wouldn't be so senseless—  
so totally infuriating  
Then I wouldn't maul your villages  
I wouldn't hurt anything.  
I don't want to be known as a monster  
You make me that way.*

HAIKU

*There is a certain  
Loneliness in the rhythm  
Of raindrops at night.*

Barbara Couch  
'74

DEATH  
Mari Margaret Macey '76

*Death can be the slowest, saddest, and cruellest stage of one's life.  
One dies stirring silently from a ring of companions  
noticeable yet unobtrusively, for the whole  
can always be patched.*

*Death is the torture of life. Sacred yet scary.  
The leaving; lonesomeness.  
The persistent weed strangling a haggard flower.  
Clutching, grasping, seizing and choking  
till the flower wilts and decays  
into the ground.  
Once beautiful and alive, now slipped into a vast  
empty darkness forever.*

*No longer will I have smiles, miles and miles of glowing smiles.  
or laughter or his sparkling twinkle of the eye.  
only memories.  
Some of the happiest times. Yet others of his leaving.*

*Wait, wait, wait. Before you drift, I've something to  
tell you. (pondering, wondering will his ears perceive my inner wishes.)  
Oh! Damn, just for a minute while I get myself together.*

*Hold your breath. Hang on to my hand.  
Thanks, we had so much fun. Can I kiss you?  
with some response.  
Please, (I secretly wish that I could ignite, if only  
for a second some spark of life)  
Tell me with glowing eyes. Nod  
Life was worth it. Show me—*

*Death, I do not like for I am insecure.  
I need all members of my ring  
Perhaps later I'll mature.*

*Love, as I hold your hand, you sense the warmth of body,  
the freshness of life  
feel the transfusion glide  
between us as I softly say  
I love you.*



#### GOLD BETWEEN THE WOUNDED TREES

*The road rolled out,  
a less than red  
carpet beneath the  
tortured armies of gangrened trees  
who, as we passed,  
reached out to us  
with wounded  
limbs and  
rattled their  
scars in the not so  
chilly air.  
In the trench hole  
valley  
one stands alone,  
reaching sun-blanchéd  
fingers skyward,  
eyeward and shuddering  
with thirst  
as the blue-white  
sky smiles, sadly,  
spilling gold between  
their dewy roots.  
And our clanking tank rolls  
down the less than red  
carpet.*

Amy Hall  
'74

UNTITLED  
Mary Stamps '76

A tree,  
It seems to me,  
Would be a nice thing to be  
For if I were a tree  
Think how tall  
I would be  
And  
How  
Much  
I  
Could  
See

UNTITLED  
Merida Sullivan '76

There is no road to peace. . .  
peace is the road.

IN RESPONSE  
Susan Gibson '74

"Else who would endure  
The pangs of despised love?"  
No, no, Hamlet.  
That's where you're wrong.  
My joy comes solely  
From knowing he's there.

CLOUD CARAVAN  
Trish Harrison '74

Above, I see a cloud caravan  
Moving across the sky at sunset,  
Carrying the precious glory of Heaven  
In its soft, coral tinged folds.  
It glides, a graceful pageant  
Of calm, stately brilliance  
On an ever-darkening path.  
Golden heralds illumine  
Purple, indigo, pearl:  
The evening's colors  
Which will deepen  
And blend softly  
With the ebony  
Of the night.  
Cavalcade,  
Fading  
Away  
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SMILES OF A SUMMER ROMANCE

i first caught you chasing the wind.  
you asked me to join you.  
you wanted to know where the wind comes from  
and where the wind goes.  
together we caught the wind and held it  
tightly in our hands.  
yet, somehow, the wind got loose  
(i think you got tired of holding it)  
you quickly chased after it, i doing my  
best to follow.  
i saw you reach the top of a hill  
and ran harder so as not to lose you forever.  
i made it just in time to see you pack  
the wind in your suitcase for another  
windy summer.  
now i know where the wind goes but,  
i still don't know where the wind goes.

Betsy Settle  
'76

*To really miss someone*

*To be lonely in a classroom filled with friends  
To feel lost sitting at the family dinner table  
To run to the mailbox everyday  
To have your mind continually crowded with  
thoughts of one person  
To wonder what that person is doing or thinking  
To hope they're thinking of you and missing you  
To dream about the next time you'll see them  
To know that your life is incomplete  
To have an empty feeling within yourself and  
To know that the feeling will be overcome  
Only with the presence of that one  
missed someone.*

Mary Stamps  
'76

#### A DAY OF SUN

*On the skyward hill  
I lay dying  
to illusions  
and  
laughing  
at a tin-foil sky,  
set blazing  
with quicksilver  
sunlight.  
A frenzy of madness  
sprang into trees  
evading all  
thought or  
contemplation.  
And ah!  
I sighed  
when the hot, moist breath  
of love filled  
my breathless  
lungs  
with  
blissful discontent.*

—Amy Hall '74

#### UNTITLED

Frances Diefendorf '77

*Racing to finish  
the race  
Ending all other feelings  
surrounding  
this main event  
Never wanting to  
live for what the inside you  
wants—  
Only what the demanding  
Outside world presses  
upon you  
mind  
Although the finish  
is very close  
at hand  
and the speed  
increases on the  
last lap.  
You try to keep up—  
with Mr. Jones  
No matter to the cost  
He flies—  
you fly  
He turns the last curve  
with great skill  
You turn  
You miss—  
Too bad—  
we all  
learn the  
hard way.*

#### TO W. M. M. III

*I looked at you, and you looked at me.  
We talked.  
It began to happen.  
I want you to hold me tightly with your gaze.  
I want you to reach out and touch my face with your hand.  
I want you to love me.*

Blair Scoville  
'74

ON READING COLERIDGE'S "KUBLA KHAN"  
Trish Harrison '74

*I dream now of a city,  
Its immortal spirit dwelling  
In the clouds, beneath the waves,  
In all the countless worlds,  
Times, dimensions,  
Where only dreams can go.*

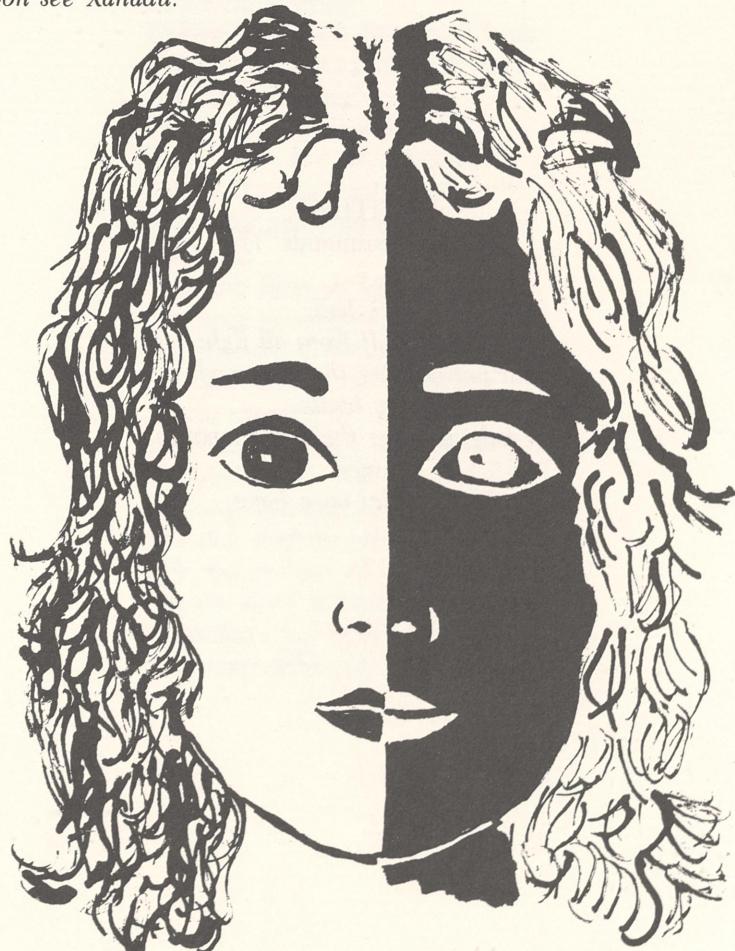
*I see the shimmering, rosy walls  
Of Kubla Khan's fair Xanadu  
Built all of ivory and gold,  
Chalcedony and jade  
And lapis lazuli.  
A city of dreams, for dreams.*

*And there, the sacred river Alph  
Which journeys far, and always stays,  
There Alph wanders  
Through the forests  
And the caverns, to the oceans  
Prophesying in the dreams of Khan.*

*To Xanadu my mind is wandering;  
My feet stand firm on solid ground.  
But wings give lightness to my ankles  
Silver wisps of clouds dip low  
And if my wings will lift me higher  
I and my dreams will soon see Xanadu.*

A VISIT  
Lee Ann Warren '77

*She sits alone in a dirty,  
crowded room  
her head held high.  
Her name is called and she  
comes forward.  
The iron doors are opened,  
shut  
and a metallic echo bounces  
off the thin walls  
of the dark narrow corridor.  
Another door is opened,  
the stormy fortress's  
only room of love.  
Numbers  
Faces  
only one  
her father.*



UNTITLED  
Nancy Hammonds '77

As I peer into a silken  
screen of Japanese olive  
green  
My mind wanders into that  
serene world.

Spring  
The cherries blossom  
in golden white;  
Soft gray mountains  
spread beneath  
the sky.  
The Summer flows into  
Autumn, draped in  
Mellow yellow,  
in robes of quiet orange.  
Blue-roofed huts  
Rest upon the cliffs  
above a brown river.

It disappears  
Among the snowy, white evergreens  
High mountains are shadowed  
in lavender;  
Green branches  
Bow low  
To the soft, tan ground.

UNTITLED  
Nancy Hammonds '77

Black hall,  
You are cut off from all light  
And yet you are the crossroads  
of my house.  
Poor hall, you are the dog's favorite  
place  
For chewing on a bone.

DISILLUSION  
Barbara Couch '74

La negrura del invierno  
Le doy muchos nombres: el rechazo,  
el aislamiento,  
sin rumbo,

Temor.

Otra vez ha vuelto la Primavera  
al nadir del invierno  
una nueva Primavera  
una persona  
un poema  
la esperanza de ser entedido

Pero esta esperanza inevitablemente  
Ha envejecido con el verano  
Y se ha marchitado con el otoño.  
Al llegar el invierno—no es nada—  
solamente queda la oscuridad.

Otra vez ha vuelto la Primavera . . .  
¿Algun dia se quebrara el ciclo?

When I close my eyes at night  
And sneak into my slumber's peace  
I think such closed thoughts of you

We sail to unknown areas of space  
With thoughts interlocked to make one  
One which can be overpowered by nothing more

By making ourselves one we can create more  
Our love will shape these beings as to rule the world  
As we learn to rule our world too

But after all has been said  
And our ships take dock  
My dream comes to a sullen stop

I open my eyes  
And face reality with a tear  
For you are far gone into the horizon

And as if our love had been thru a rich storm  
Your boat fell beneath the waves  
And mine was left to float alone forever

Barbara Anderson  
'75

## JE CHERCHE

*Je cherche un chemin ou je puisse me promener  
mais—  
Je ne sais pas ou je veuille aller*

*Je cherche un ami dans lequel me confier  
mais—  
Je me tourne et il n'y a personne*

*Je touche ma guitare  
mais—  
Les cordes sonnent en rude dissonance*

*Je cherche une chanson pour chanter  
mais—  
Je ne peux pas trouver une assez triste.*

Barbara Couch  
'74

## UNREQUITED Susan Gibson '74

*Sleeping somewhere, far away,  
Rests the soul, of one I love.  
His thoughts toward me  
Are ne'er to turn.  
My heart toward him  
Can ne'er traverse;  
For in his bosom  
(Though he know it not)  
Does it lodge securely.*

## UNTITLED Caroline McNeilly '76

*It was just a beautiful passing thought,  
I'll probably never think of again.  
It was one of those deep thoughts when you  
Understand a little more of life.  
For one beautiful moment I could see clearly,  
Like a rainy night, when lightning strikes  
And makes everything day for one second.  
Moments like that will come again,  
But never that one—it flew quickly by.  
I wasn't quick enough to catch it and hold it  
Because it came without warning and left the same.  
But at least I am content to know that I had the  
Knowledge of knowing that  
I could think a thought like that.*

#1  
Sarah Lashlee '74

*Night has fallen  
And the trees stand still.  
Sleeping life seems almost dead.  
Stillness creeping into the night  
To find some emptiness  
In which to haunt.  
Distant calls from feathered fowls  
Show tiny signs of living breath.  
Color melted long ago  
Leaving not a trace behind  
Rising from the ashes black  
Forms of shapes unknown.  
The wind yet whispers  
Carefully  
Sneaking from its heavens; then  
The song of something real.  
The thought of something still alive  
A single solitary ray of light  
Slowly slipping up the hill.  
Squeezing through the cracks of night.  
It made it, yes, and now for more.  
Bursting beaming through the grey  
The day shall be reborn  
Life restored yet all is new  
Not the same but older now.  
Yesterday's loss of light is gone  
Now replenished the life can live.*

SUMMER SHOWER  
Trish Harrison '74

*Rain falling down  
on the pavement warm  
Cool, crystal drops  
pouring from the Big Dipper.*

*What need of umbrellas?  
I like the rain*

*on my hair  
on my nose  
on my tongue  
on my toes.*

*Trickle down my back  
and tickle my legs  
Play on the grass  
and tease all the laughing flowers.*

*Throw away umbrellas!  
Feel the rain*

*overhead  
underfoot  
in between  
all around.*

*Wash us clean and pure  
sparkling when you leave  
Dancing to the tune  
of all of summer's happy hours*

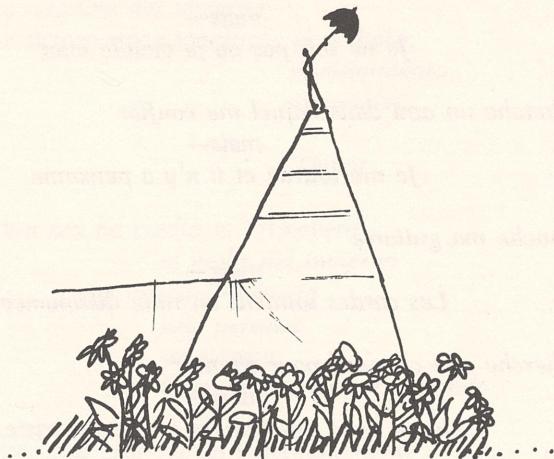
*Farewell umbrellas!  
Let the rain*

*softly pour  
kindly soothe  
mildly sigh  
gently cleanse*

*over the world  
the troubled ones  
for lost contentment  
Us.*

*Lives,  
Carried away in brown, cardboard boxes. . .  
Men,  
Dressed in dirty, gray jumpsuits. . .  
Dusty and covered with cobwebs,  
Memories  
are piled carelessly  
and without order  
on a large, orange truck.  
Without the accustomed comfort, full of doubt  
and sorrow,  
And no longer settled,  
My friends begin the drive towards the new  
destination.*

Susan Dicker  
'76



WINTER MADNESS

*A winter's day  
In the heat of passions stirring  
With snow  
In madness, gladness  
Blowing:*

*All about us  
A haze of sound turning  
Like smoke  
Swirling, curling  
And gone:*

*But love is sure  
As cool, black earth sleeping  
Undisturbed  
To wake and shake  
Our souls  
In spring.*

Amy Hall  
'74

## REJOICE: FOR BELLS ARE RINGING

- I. The Realization
- II. The Reasoning
- III. A Warning
- IV. The Way

### I.

*America!*  
Listen to yourself:  
your people, your past, your ideals.  
And Americans,  
Understand that freedom is yours.  
Savor it  
and with it season the meat for change:  
opportunity, equality, expression,  
pursuit of (ah!) happiness  
How can you mistake  
what is yours for  
that which you have  
shunned: strife and struggle?  
Peace, Honor, Justice, Progress. . . .  
Can you so easily  
forget your heritage?  
**FREEDOM**  
Tread on it lightly and you shall be happy.

### II.

Yes, yes—I know.  
Let me explain:  
(but  
who am I to tell you  
who rose from the ashes  
of repression,  
a phoenix  
of a different breed?)  
Strife  
(For were you not oppressed,  
desiring to breathe freely?  
were you not chased and  
ripped from the shores of  
home for the sake of liberty?  
was not your blood seething, breathing,  
boiling, blazing, raging to. . . .)  
Struggle  
(for was not your precious blood  
poured endlessly from shore to  
shore, from land to land for  
years and years and countless  
tears. . . .)  
Strife. Struggle.  
May I ask you,  
what for?  
Ah, you raise your eyebrows,  
shrug your shoulders. . . .

### III.

But turn not your head  
away!  
Lest all your wealth  
be stolen  
and  
blue-bound, badge-pricked armies  
bind you in cages,  
give you tin hoes,  
and  
dare you to reap the  
(ha!) fruits of freedom.

### IV.

So stop!  
(please)  
Yes, you  
and you  
and you and you  
and you and you. . . .  
and hear me.  
*America!*  
Embrace sweet freedom:  
yours is progress, yours is love.  
Gather the Law into your palm:  
know it well that you may use it  
with Grace and Wisdom.  
Then live!  
Go forth and live!  
And one  
shall be two and  
two shall be more, then  
many shall follow. . . .  
Oh, hear the bells  
of freedom ring, just once  
before you pawn them.  
Happiness is yours.

Amy Hall  
'74

I KNOW—GOD IS  
Blair Scoville '74

*If faith is what I hold most dear  
and is part of my soul,  
I know of all things in this world  
That God is.*

*Of all the things I could doubt;  
Of things I could forget, confuse,  
be blind to  
Of all the things I know I know*

*They are small, yes small compared  
To the fact that I know, beyond  
and doubt in my heart, mind,  
and soul  
That God is.  
More than things that seem unreal  
and fill me with fear  
Of uncertainties, certainties, and "love"  
I know God.*

THE KISS  
Susan Gibson '74

*Wild anticipation  
The night before;  
I couldn't sleep,  
I could only scheme  
Of its occurrence.  
How it might—might it not—  
Tonight, my dream's  
A lasting memory.  
Sleeping soundly,  
Heart content. You know,  
Anticipation  
Was almost better.*

THE FIRE  
Amy Cross '77

It was on a summer night, when it all happened. I had been lying on the couch, when I got a call from the hospital saying that I was needed there. So, I took my bag, kissed my wife, Mary, and left. I did not spend but about two hours at the hospital, and came home.

As I was driving toward my house I saw flames in the distance. I never thought it could be my house, but the closer I approached, I saw it was my house.

I almost went into hysterics when I did not see my wife or children. I ran to the fire chief to see where they were and asked, "Where are my wife and children?"

He said, "I am sincerely sorry. We tried." All I could do was to stand there and watch my house burn to the ground. The bodies were recovered and tears quickly came to my eyes when I saw my beautiful wife and children all burned.

For a couple of weeks I stayed with my best friend, Bill Thompson, and his wife, Sara. Their two children reminded me of my two so much I could not stay in the same room with them for a long time.

The little thing that really tore me apart was how Bill's kids always said to Bill, "I love you, Daddy". My kids said that all the time, but now who will say that to me? I cannot hear that lovely phrase again.

Something Mary said to me before the fire that kept ringing in my mind was, "You had better get the repairman to come out here and fix the furnace before the house burns down." She said that jokingly, but it did come true. It would not have happened if I had done what Mary said. Yes, it was all my fault.

The next day I received a phone call from the fire chief saying that the report on how my house had caught fire was ready. He told me if I would come down to the firehouse he would read me the report. I said I'd be there.

Before I got there, I knew what the cause would be. It was going to be that the furnace had done something. So, it was going to be my fault.

When I did get there, the fire chief read me the report. It went like this:

The fire of the house of Dr. John Wilson on the night of June 27, 1970, was caused by the furnace blowing up. This could have been caused by some mechanical difficulty. We discovered this from the ruptured combustion chamber. We did all that was possible to save the three people inside the

house. They were in the opposite end of the house from the furnace. So, the family did not know that there was a fire till it was too late.

Signed,  
Chief Samuel Campbell

Chief Campbell gave a copy and I showed it to Bill and Sara. They said, "Well, I wonder how that could have happened."

After I left the room that night, I heard Bill and Sara talking. Sara said, "Mary told me before the fire that she had told John a million times to fix that furnace."

"Don't let him hear you. I know it's about to drive him crazy," answered Bill. I didn't stay to hear anymore.

The next day I moved to an apartment near my work. It was just a regular apartment, but I kept thinking how it was not like our house. I missed Mary's touch and all the fingerprints on the walls from the kids.

During this time of my life all I did was work. I spent at least ten hours a day at my office and as long as I could stand at the hospital. About the only time I did relax was when I went to Bill and Sara's house for dinner. Bill and I played checkers and had a great time, but they knew that something was wrong. As I was leaving that evening I received some advice which was to stop working so hard.

I went home and got some rest before I had to go to the hospital at five the next morning. During my sleep, I had the worst dream about before and during the fire. I could hear Mary telling me to fix the furnace and me saying "It will keep". I hear my children saying, "I love you," and the fireman bringing the bodies out of the house.

That is all I remember of that terrible dream because the next thing I knew was that in our own home with Mary and the children beside me. I did not know if I was dreaming still or not but Mary was there and talking to me. How could she be here, she died in the fire.

I cried, "You can't be here. You died in this very house."

She said smoothly, "You must have had a bad dream. I haven't died. I'm right here and we're both all right."

I replied, "It was so real and horrible."

"Why don't we have dinner and forget all that," she said.

"Okay but first I'm going to call the furnace man to come out and fix the furnace."

While we were eating I saw a red spot on Mary's arm. I asked her, "What is that?"

She replied, "Oh, just a little burn."

MIRRORS  
Liz Thompson '77

*Mirrors, portrait images  
repetitions of one self  
Hey Twins!*

*Left, Right  
No, Right, Left  
Which is which.  
I thought that wart was on the other ear.*

*Can-Can dancers  
One leg then the other  
No, they're not the Rockettes  
It's only me.*

SENSUOUS POEM #937  
by "J"

*You and I  
Together  
Under dim amber lights  
Which glow behind my eyelids  
When I close my eyes  
And feel your love  
Reaching out to me.  
Our thoughts and hopes  
Entwine  
As sensuous lovers  
Us.  
Myself, my mind  
Reach for you  
And find you waiting.*

HAIKU  
Emily Cate '75

*As the snowflake fell,  
It drifted upon a cheek  
And became a tear*



LIBRARY

*Books  
Shelves  
Desks  
Magazines  
Pencils  
Notecards flying  
People asking,  
"What am I supposed to do?"  
"Where's Mrs. Stamps?"  
"Oh, I have to do it all over again!"  
Holmes, Cummings, Poe, Irving, Twain,  
Lowell, Longfellow are all hiding in the books  
That we are in constant search for.*

*Lacy Jamison  
'76*

Depression, like self-pity, can knock one into the deep abyss of loneliness. Its darkness fills the mind and clouds any happy thoughts. Deeper and deeper one sinks into the pit, until desperation sets in. Often suicide is the result of this desperation or perhaps just quiet madness.

*Peggy Linn  
'76*

THOUGHTS  
Julie Hancock '74

*Above all the people  
Is a tree fallen down  
Solitude, silence, watching, not acting  
Thoughts, thrown through the mist  
And landing somewhere on the faraway ground.*

*Music breaking the grasp of time  
Echoing strums long ago  
Trying, teasing my innermost core  
Chords striking a familiar, yet distant unknown.*

*Time's song conquers the hold of death  
And asserts a marked impression  
On people, perusals, and places of hope  
To know that many deliberate and make a decision.*

*Yours is no different  
Yours won't make a dent  
On the course of events  
Yet this place is magical  
Introspective thoughts whimsical  
Relating all behind, before  
Into one gigantic evermore.*

## BEAUTIFUL BUT UGLY?

Jennifer Orth '79

Once upon a time in a remote land, there lived a beautiful yet ugly princess. She resided in a mighty palace that was perched on top of a high hill. It was surrounded by a deep moat with a tiny wooden drawbridge over it. Many a suitor had crossed that bridge, only to recross it several minutes after meeting the princess. It was certainly not the maid's appearance; she was quite lovely in fact. That was not the problem.

Brunhilda was in dismay.

"Father," she said. "All those peasants are gone. When am I going to get a real prince? I want a *real prince now!*"

"Daughter," the poor king stammered. "I don't know how to tell you this but . . ."

"I don't need any *advice!* What I do need is to know when you are going to find a *decent* prince for me to marry!"

"If you would contribute something to a happy union, I'm sure you would have no difficulty in finding a suitable beau," her father returned quietly, leaving the room as Brunhilda stared after him in utter disbelief. She began to wander through the darkest, coldest halls of the palace, those most suitable to her nature. She had just passed a room that issued forth a warm glow when an old voice floated after her in the hall.

"Come in, child," said the cracked whisper. "Tell me why you aren't screaming as is your usual custom."

"Oh, Grandmother!" the princess answered with a detectable amount of annoyance in her voice. "Such an old woman should not concern herself with the complicated matters of so young and beautiful a girl as I."

"Perhaps not," spoke the woman wisely, "but it would lift your heart to suffer your ills upon me."

"Oh all *right!*" the haughty girl answered as she flounced into the cluttered room. Her heart mellowed slightly, but only very slightly, at the wrinkled heap that lay propped on a mound of pillows. She plopped down on the bed with an annoyed sigh.

"Well, Granny," she began sarcastically, "if you really *must* know, my woes are caused by boys, mere peasants to my divine grace. None wish to wed me, much less stay in my company for more than a few moments. I just don't understand it. I'm pretty enough, that's for sure. I don't think I have bad breath, and I use Colgate II, the mouthwash for lovers. What is the problem?" She spoke in earnest now.

"Well, dearie," her grandmother chuckled, displaying a large set of tobacco-stained teeth, "I can tell you a tale that will set you straight."

"When you were no bigger than a toenail, we had a big wing-ding in your honor, what most might call an average royal christening. However, it wasn't quite normal. I remember it clear as a bell. You were dressed in a white lace gown. You looked just like an angel. Too bad you didn't grow up acting like one," she muttered under her breath. "Anyway, we were all presenting gifts when the royal rotten person gave a real peculiar one. She said you were to grow up beautiful but ugly. Furthermore, if you weren't married by your eighteenth birthday, the kingdom would fall. Of course, we all know now that the first part meant. I hate to tell you this dearie, but despite your beauty, you have the most unattractive personality I've ever come across. In other words, you're a rotten person!" her grandmother ended.

"That wasn't a nice thing to say!" the shocked girl exclaimed.

"No nicer than you calling those sweet boys peasants!" her granny flung back, once more revealing her yellow grin.

The confused, miserable wench left the chamber, thinking over all the cruel things she'd done, and caring about them for the first time.

"I'll have to reform," she stubbornly told herself. "I'll have one more chance when the final peasant, I mean prince, comes to call today."

She scurried to her apartments and bolted the door. A great bustle arose from within. When she finally emerged, she was dressed in a full pink satin, her blonde hair swept up into a diamond comb. She retired to the throne room to receive the prince.

In he came, dressed in a suit of crimson velvet and a golden inlaid crown. He made a low, sweeping bow to the princess, who returned it with a smile and slight nod. The king and queen, who were peeking through the keyhole in the ante chamber, exchanged startled glances at this show of courtesy.

"Could it be," they whispered, "that the brat will marry before the dawn of her eighteenth year, not two days away?"

Their dreams became stronger as the prince rose and began to exchange pleasant conversation.

"Here comes the big moment!" the king predicted in a stifled giggle as the prince dropped on one knee.

The prince, after uttering several tender words, grasped the princess' hand and kissed it.

"It is done!" cried the king, as he hopped up and down. "The kingdom is safe and we shall at last be rid of the pest!"

Surprisingly enough, as the future couple passed through the double doors, the princess smiled at her parents and announced the engagement in a soft, emotional voice. The king beamed and pumped the groom's arm in excited congratulations, and trotted off down the hall to make the arrangements. They were married on the following afternoon in a small chapel, the rotten person from the christening dropped dead, and, as most fairy tales go, *they lived happily ever after.*

LIVE  
Julie Hancock '74

*Running around a field of hay  
My feet dancing with a breeze  
Do you hear the music playing?  
No, for your feet do not dance.*

*How shall I explain the tune  
The waltzing, winging, wonderful tune  
Just listen with your soul  
And feel it say. . .*

*Life is an experience never to lose  
It laughs and sings and mocks  
Those who're content in humming the blues  
Never jumping or shouting with joy.*

*The wind says it to those who hear  
Something hidden deep away  
You can tell when it comes out  
Out, to sunshine and hope and fear.*

*Fear for your soul lost in a book  
Fear for your mind confused with rules  
Quick, quick grasp this dance, don't dare let go!  
For with God in your heart, you'll hear the song blow.*

*Life is an experience never to lose  
It laughs and sings and mocks  
Those who're content in humming the blues  
Never jumping or shouting with joy  
Life is an experience never to lose!*

STAND UP, BRAVE MAN  
Blair Scoville '74

*Stand up, brave man  
And tell us all you know  
You've conquered all the now-known world  
There's nothing left to do.  
You know it all, you've done it all  
Much better than the rest  
But now remains the final test.  
Can you tell me, man,  
Most knowledged beast,  
Just how you came to be?  
Can you tell me, sir,  
Who made the sun, the moon, the west and east?  
Can you tell me now the reason  
Why a child does die at birth?  
Who make the flowers, bees and trees,  
The stars and this great earth?  
Who gives the bird the wisp of wind?  
Who makes the tides of time roll in?  
Who gives you every breath you breathe?  
And yet, why do you ask for more?  
So yes, stand up, brave man,  
And tell us all you know.  
You've done it all, much better than the rest  
But now remains the final test.  
Can you tell me, man,  
Most knowledged beast,  
Just why you have to die?*

BETTY ANDREWS '75

*All sorrow shines in your eyes,  
And all warmth  
Your voice at once teasing and loving  
You make me smile.  
Only when the sorrow wins out  
in your eyes,  
then smiles melt  
and my eyes, reflections—  
then I long to hold you—  
till sorrow tires and smiles begin.*

UNTITLED  
Aurie Hall '77

*You gaze into my eyes.  
The look is deep,  
searching,  
questioning,  
but I am unable  
to answer you.  
Your eyes linger on  
and on.  
As if you were trying  
to take part of me  
with you.  
Slowly  
you turn your back to me  
I watch the rhythm  
as you walk away from me. . .  
as you leave.  
A moment of silence  
and I realize  
that inside you  
is a small part of me  
that lingers on.  
Just as there is  
a part of you  
that dwells  
deep within my soul  
And part of you  
has become me  
a piece of what I am,  
to look back on  
and remember.  
And I watch  
the rhythm in your walk  
as you leave.*



## Senior Class Poem

We - delicately poised  
have scattered into oneness  
and now as one prepare to scatter  
Dandelions - that call themselves blue  
but are bright in the golden joy  
From fine seeds scattered by <sup>of living</sup>  
an uncertain wind  
We have lumped and bumped  
and grown together  
Fertilized by songs and talks and  
troubles and plays  
We thrived on living.  
By looking inward we could  
blossom and turn outward  
Achieving strength and wholeness  
and love and maturity -  
Qualities learned as one class to be  
practiced as individuals  
We stand at the ephemeral moment,  
captives of the cycle,  
We too shall be blown and scattered  
One into ones  
Each seeding life with parts  
of Harpeth Hall  
and each other  
That we have met and been and love -  
Ones from one bloom - forever.

Lynn Farrar

UNTITLED  
Sarah Lashlee '74

*Souvent de fois  
Je me demande  
Ou est-tu?  
Je ne sais pas  
Ou est-tu  
Mais j'espere  
Que tu te demande  
Ou je suis.*

WHO KNOWS?

*A hand outstretched;  
in spite of time  
it tries—  
I want to be free,  
really free  
It can happen, and then it can't.  
Can you understand?  
Do you know?  
I once asked a little old man selling  
apples on the corner what it was  
all about.  
He said,  
"Who knows?"*

UNTITLED  
Anonymous

Blair Scoville  
'74

*A leaf drifts slowly from a tree;  
It sails in the wind, like a ship on the sea.  
Its color once emerald, is now pumpkin gold;  
Once it was young, but now it is old.*

*It floats to the ground amongst hundreds of others,  
Like a man who is dying along with his brothers.  
No one will know individuals are there;  
No one will notice them, no one would dare.*

BETTY ANDREWS '75

*Thinking of you  
I wonder where your thoughts  
are taking you  
now  
Half-knowing I feel your pain  
your confusion  
I want to feel them for you,  
to release you from those bonds  
which keep you locked in tears  
and anxiety  
If I could only really shield you—  
but I know I can't  
I can only hope and comfort you,  
wanting to give you something more  
than love.*

UNTITLED  
Mary Stamps '76

*Life is like a dandelion.  
It grows, it blooms, it dies.  
But as it goes, it leaves its seeds  
For future passer-bys.*

UNTITLED

*A thought is like a snowflake  
That rests upon your tongue.  
You've barely chance to taste it  
Before you find it's gone.*

PEGGY LINN '76

Although the sun filters through my curtains, my room is still dark. There is no sound; the silence is thick and confining. Only the shadows move, seeming to walk across the floor meeting the black corners. Now, out of my window, dusk slips in, bringing night and darkness in her wake.

“JENNY DAVIS”  
Jeanne Harris '79

*Jenny Davis moved to New York  
From Tampa, Florida  
She brought her son named Billy, and  
Her daughter, Gloria.  
She soon met friends and neighbors,  
She soon had settled down  
She found it wasn't all good,  
Jenny began to frown.*

*She memorized my number,  
She called me everyday  
Jenny was getting frightened  
Of the New York City way.  
Jenny Davis was not liked well,  
She tried to lend a helping hand.  
Jenny's “kitchen needs a plumber,”  
Jenny's “sorrow needs a man.”<sup>1</sup>*

*Jenny met a cop named Stephen.  
He put a ring upon her hand.  
Then, a sniper pulled the trigger,  
And down fell Jenny's man.  
Jenny loved a soul in heaven,  
She didn't really care  
If he was with her daily,  
Or watching way up there.*

*Jenny bought a one-way ticket,  
To take her back to home.  
She said that New York City  
Was as much her home as Rome.  
I often think of Jenny,  
And if she thinks of me.  
And I think of the beaches  
And I think of the sea.*

<sup>1</sup>From “Marcie” by Joni Mitchell

EXCUSE  
Lucy Adkins '76

*I know, but this happened and after that the  
other thing and after that I just couldn't  
leave because the why and the wherefore occurred  
and the soforth and the so-on came right after  
and the hereafter and the aforementioned were  
there and I couldn't find the such as and the  
previously explained left and so you must  
try to understand that all these things put  
together create a great mass of confusion  
which is complicated further by  
a faulty time table.*

*I must have been sitting here half of the night,  
Thinking and thinking of something to write.  
I want to write something unique and so new;  
I need inspiration, a motive or two.*

*Not too much has been happening; it's been rather boring.  
Yet life is exciting; my thoughts should be soaring.  
Some great words of wisdom should come to my mind,  
Something profound like the great writers find.*

*Yet here I am pondering, blank as can be,  
My chance for creating, but just look at me.  
Sitting here empty, no thoughts in my head,  
I'm beginning to think that it all has been said.*

*But I'm not giving up, this is just the beginning.  
I just need some time, and my thoughts will be spinning.  
I know at this moment that things look quite bleak,  
But I'll think of something, just wait till next week.*

Mary Stamps  
'76

### WE HAVE CRIED

Amy Hall '74

*We've never walked upon the beach,  
Through dew-drenched fields,  
Nor gathered flowers. . .  
And yet we've loved.*

*Although the wind has never blown  
Nor stars come to rest  
Within our eyes,  
We love and we are young.*

*For holding hands and sharing dreams,  
We have not swooned  
To think of love. . .  
Yet I know it's there.*

*As we've not fought, nor lied,  
Nor striven to possess.  
But we have cried. . .  
Yes, we have cried.*



### UNTITLED

Julia Storey '77

The tremendous black and orange mass of fur at the foot of the bed stirred lazily. I snuggled down deeper into the lusciously warm pile of quilted comforters. With as little effort as possible, I turned over slowly to look at the clock and went rolling off the side of the bed on to an ice cold floor. The enticing smell of bacon and eggs floating up from the kitchen encouraged me to get up off the floor. After being rudely awakened by a loud, protesting growl from my stomach, I picked myself up slowly off the floor and trudged off to the bathroom. After splashing cold water on my face, I felt worse. Saturday mornings usually aren't this depressing. After returning to the bedroom, I pulled on the worn out work shirt and stood there buttoning and unbuttoning until finally, the right buttons fit in the right button holes. After walking over to the closet door, I sat down on the floor, exhausted. I leaned over and pulled the closet door open. Suddenly, I jumped up, dragged on the overalls as quickly as possible, and then made my way towards the delicious aroma of breakfast. Halfway down the stairs I collapsed in a tired heap. Mom came out of the kitchen and looked at me with a surprised expression. She walked towards the stairs and said, "The boys got up at five to help with the cattle. Are you going too?" The clock in the parlor chimed five-thirty. Without a word, I crawled back up the stairs, and without even bothering to take off the overalls, I slid in to bed. Snuggling down deeper under the comforter, I began dozing off to sleep. The black and orange mass of fur on the foot of the bed stirred lazily.

### TIDE'S EDGE

*I will sit and laugh at the edge of the sea,  
the end of all pain,  
the start of all joy.  
I will sit and build castles on the sand,  
the end of all truth,  
the start of all dreams.  
I will sit and watch each wave stretch,  
to urge my castle to follow.  
Can troubles go out with the tide?  
Only castles can.*

Betsy Settle  
'76

SIN  
Trish Harrison '74

*Who can say that Sin is ugly?  
To label Sin it must be known.  
And what one calls Sin,  
Another merely sees as Pleasure.  
And is not Pleasure lovely?*

PLEASURE  
Trish Harrison '74

*The breeze flows in.  
It cools my face,  
And I give myself up  
To its softness.  
But it comes too strong;  
The papers fly;  
My mind turns back to work.*

AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO RIGHT  
Vanessa Draper '75

*After it's written  
And after it's read  
I wonder what made me  
Say the things that I said  
At the time it seemed so right  
But I wrote it in the night  
And the words sounded different in the light.*

IMPRESSION OF A LOST YOUTH  
Blair Scoville '74

*Remaining dignified, you look back.  
They were good years—impossible to touch again.*

*a child no longer  
the rose will never again see the bud  
the strong oak will never again be the acorn  
the man will never again be the babe.  
A hollow feeling—slightly sad  
A road all must travel  
A lonely road  
Sad thoughts . . . when you turn seventeen.*

THE DANCE GOES ON  
Sally Shockley '76

*Deep in the forest  
on a moonless night,  
drum beats rhythm  
and the dance goes on.*

*Facelss figures sway  
to the driving beat.  
The hour grows late  
and the dance goes on.*

*Sun comes up  
The dancers gone  
not a trace is left  
but the dance goes on.*

RIDDLES  
Kathy Herbert '76

*My day is very hard  
Open and close is all I do.  
Sometimes worms crawl into me.  
My name can be found in at least  
three places.  
What am I?*

Answer: Book

Answer: Locket

*I hang around all the time.  
This honey and that honey are always  
in me.  
What am I?*

Answer: Bathtub

*Sometimes I wear a ring.  
Sometimes I don't.  
My hands are always hot and cold.  
I'm always running at the mouth.  
What am I?*

Things are just rosy.  
Life's not far from perfect.  
Then it happens.  
Why did they have to say that?  
You were afraid it was coming.  
Life was just being too good to you.  
Something had to destroy it.  
But did it have to hurt so?  
Why must life be like that?  
The second you're up, you're knocked down again.  
You bite down on your lip trying to hold  
back the tears.  
They mustn't hear you cry.  
Or should they?  
Do you want them to know how much  
they've hurt you?  
Don't cry.  
Don't fall.  
Don't give in to the pain.  
Have faith.  
Someone will catch you.  
That's what friends are for, to catch  
and to be caught.

Mary Stamps  
'76

### BALLOONS

Susan Gibson '74

All my dreams aggrandized,  
All my hopes seem real.  
My future is seconds before me,  
The flip side of life's revealed.  
What end to this package of wonders?  
Have I truly been living till now?  
At last I'm all that I can be,  
Long last, I've met the real me.

A darkened room—a silv'ry tear.  
Was it yesterday—or two days ago?  
This person I met so briefly,  
And, oh, so wanted to be!  
Has shattered my dreams  
(Though fragile they were)  
And left the room laughing.  
Why play these cruel tricks on me?

UNTITLED  
Beth Frierson '77

A bird sits on the top of a tree,  
Fighting to keep his position.  
Then a light seems to dawn in his eye,  
And he looks, with pity, upon the struggling,  
squawking crows beneath him,  
And, abandoning his throne of hate and blood,  
Flies off toward the misty mountains  
To which no crow had ever flown before.

### MOCKINGBIRD

Mockingbird, bird, mockingbird  
sing or twitter  
Mockingbird, bird, mockingbird  
Have you heard the Word?  
Where worms and grasshoppers mix to form,

to form? To form what?  
Maybe. . . a picture of a pink hippopotamus  
or a spot on your brain's hypothalamus?  
Mockingbird, bird, mockingbird  
fly over the great chess players of life,  
Pass sororities and wars of strife,  
Leave the crippled and cherish your wings.  
Chirp with the crickets and begin to sing.  
To sing, to sing with my guitar.

Mockingbird, bird, mockingbird,  
I think I love you. You soar the heights with  
just your song.  
Your song, whose song? A medley of course.  
But, I love your color of dappled gray,  
yours to the ends of decades will stay.

Mockingbird, bird, mockingbird.  
From James and Carley you came  
I'm so confused so take me away,  
To the top of the dogwood  
And we'll sing, I'll sing, you'll sing  
with my guitar to the end of the day.

Mari Margaret Macey  
'76

MY BEAUTIFUL ORANGE  
Lucy Adkins '76

*Sailing through the air with the sun  
shining on it.  
I had chosen that orange carefully;  
making sure it was the best one.  
Perfectly round*

*Now it was falling  
And even a scream could not save it.  
It hit and shattered*

*And it bled, oh, how it bled!  
My eyes screamed sharply, "Revenge!"  
and the war-soldiers marched  
in my ears and the bombs  
exploded in my brain and in my hands.*

*But the orange whispered with its dying breath,  
"Forgive them."  
And I had to turn away.*

*I will remember to be gentle.*

MAN'S LIFE IS LIKE A RIVER

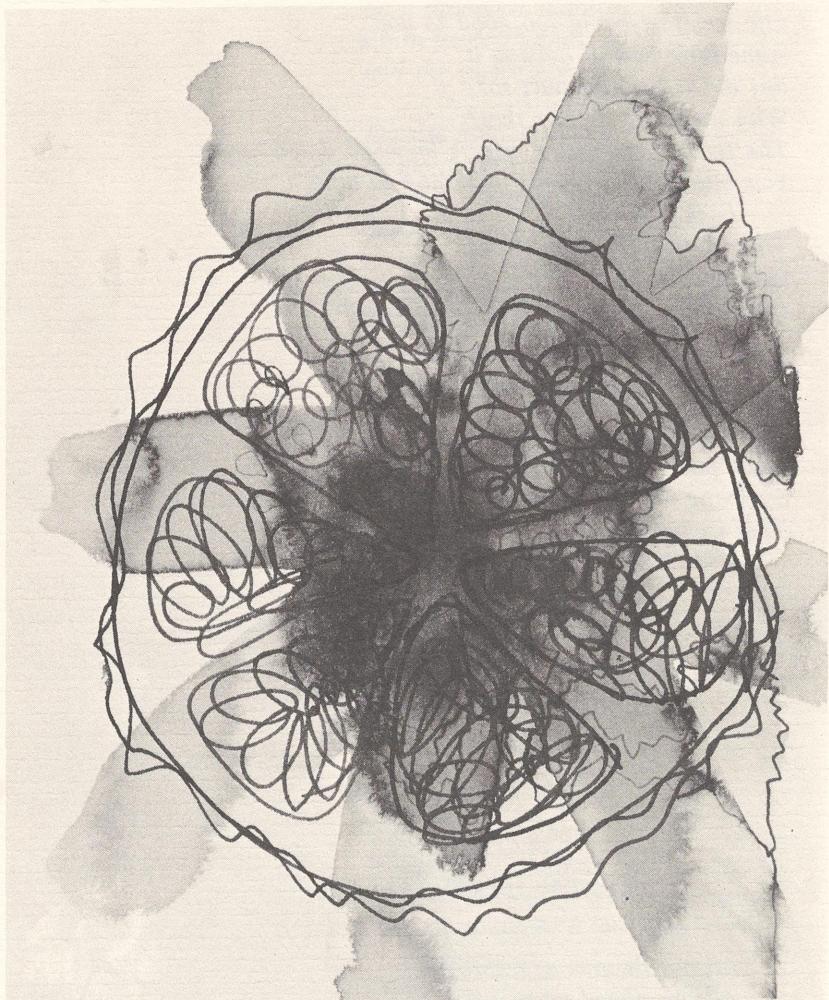
*Man's life is like a stream,  
a clear, bubbling stream,  
a sparkling stream, trickling down the mountain.*

*Man's life is like a creek,  
the stream has reached the creek,  
the tossing, turning creek,  
the rushing creek, tumbling to the plains.*

*Man's life is like a river,  
the creek has reached the river,  
the strong, running river,  
the turbulent river, moving swiftly across the plains.*

*Man's life is like a river,  
Old men fish in a river,  
a slow, meandering river, gliding to the ocean,  
the massive, eternal ocean,  
where all rivers meet.*

Lauren Muller  
'77



WEATHERMAN KNOWS  
Barbara Couch '74

*Splitting, sudden thunder  
Shook my mind and made my hands quiver.  
How completely was I wrong  
Not to have believed the Weatherman  
When he warned me of the coming storm!  
For I had myself seen  
The tempest of tear-filled black clouds  
And mistakenly thought it to be  
Nothing more than the shadow of sunbeams.*

*Perhaps, some far-off, heavy day  
I will learn that,  
although at times the Weatherman  
appears wrong,  
Ultimately he is infallible.*

UNTITLED  
Liz Thompson '77

*Widows in the Kavati tribe in  
Africa always drum loudly on the grave  
of their husbands until someone marries  
them to quiet the din.*

*My eyes are filled with tears  
I lift the bamboo stick to my side  
Slowly I begin banging  
Louder Louder the noise drums  
into my ears  
Determination has struck in  
my mind,  
My thoughts still lie on the  
one I loved  
My dearest possession now passed  
The drumming gets more sensitive  
Gradually angrily  
people arise from their huts  
and come to stand near.  
They watch and finally from  
the interior of the crowd one  
steps forward  
My dearest possession  
again  
at  
last.*

*If only there were some way to take back those words  
If only I hadn't said them  
If I had only taken time to think before they came out  
But they are here and real  
They are permanent  
They have been recorded on a page of my life and another's  
I can't erase them  
No matter how hard I try.  
And there she stands  
Hurt and alone  
Because words struck her hard  
And there I stand  
Hurt and alone  
Because those same words, meant to stay in  
Have left me empty and helpless.*

Carolyn McNeilly  
'76

MEMORIES  
Susie Dicker '76

Memories—souvenirs of yesterday  
Trapped in the mind's intricate web.  
Reminiscing. . .  
Remembering. . .  
Recalling. . .  
laughter and tears  
agreements and misunderstandings  
shared thoughts  
varied myriad of experiences  
ball games—suspense, relief  
friends—helping, teaching, caring  
Reminiscing. . .  
Remembering. . .  
Recalling. . .  
*The stepping stones of time.*

BETTY ANDREWS '75

On a gently throbbing background  
Pure beauty weaves  
delicate patterns in varied colors,  
sometimes fine as spider's web  
sometimes mind-wide expanses of color  
all combining,  
joining  
fusing  
in one huge pattern of light  
that dissolves at the touch  
and withstands all time and  
circumstances in thought  
Never again so clear  
Never again so beautiful  
But even half-remembered  
Awe.

WOUND UP TIGHT  
Vanessa Draper '75

I'm wound up tight inside  
And I can't seem to hide  
What my mind is feeling  
And what my eyes are seeing  
I can't hide what it's doing to me.

I feel it closing in  
It seems I just can't win  
And then I finally understand  
I wonder if I'll make it  
Don't know if I can take it  
Then someone reaches out their hand

But I'm not the only one  
Everybody wants to run  
From what their eyes can't see  
From what they know they'll never be  
They can't hide what they're feeling inside.

UNTITLED  
Laurie Copple '76

If I just hadn't pricked myself on that (yawn)  
needle that the old hag gave me. . .  
Ohh! Is she a prune—wrinkled. . . and all  
It's warm here in the bed  
Hey! Someone's opening the door  
Wow! I hope I'm not still dreaming  
Boy! Is he good-looking! Check out that velvet cape.

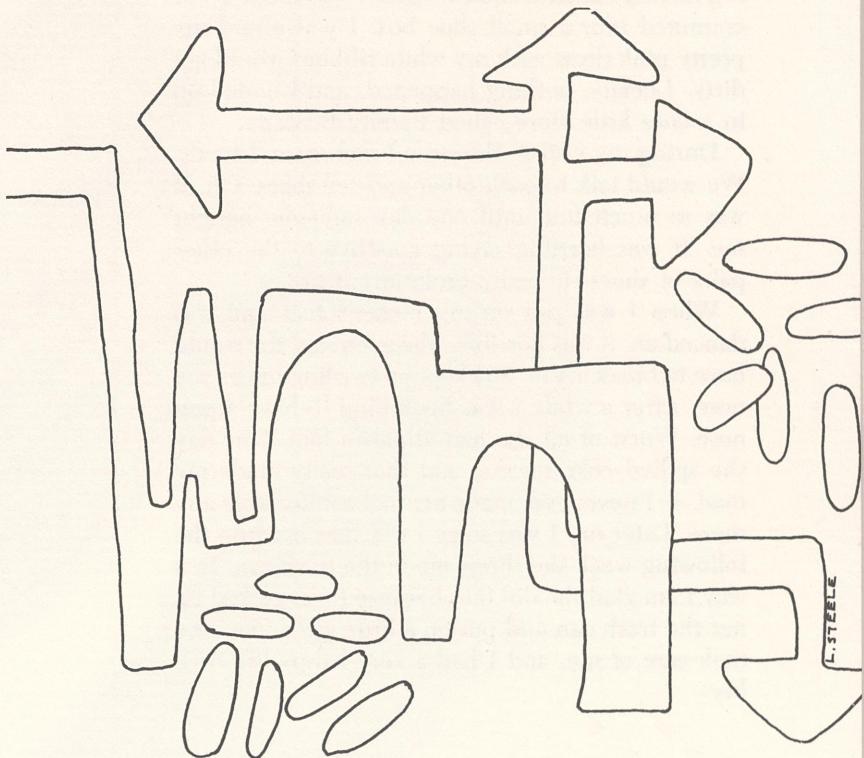
What a kiss!  
(yawn) Hey, I'm so sleepy — don't move me  
Oh! Hello there — what's your name?  
(I hope that wasn't a dumb opening line)  
Well, he's picking me up — he's so strong and the  
closer he gets the better he looks.

Well, he's putting me on this horse.  
It's awful pretty. He's putting me on in front of him!  
He reached around me to steer  
the horse. He's breathing down my neck!  
ouch! He pinched me.  
(Slap) Fresh!!!

Well he kissed me again. That's good!  
I guess we'll live happily ever after!

UNTITLED  
Caroline McNeilly '76

Up high one moment, then way down the next.  
My feelings are like a tide running in and out.  
When I'm down  
Walls separating me from the world are built,  
Walls that shut in coldness and bitter darkness.  
Then mounted feelings of happiness surge forward  
I'm up again,  
Tearing down those walls I built so strong  
Letting a part of myself reach out and go free  
Inhaling all the beauties and mysteries of life.  
I'm afraid to reach out too far though,  
I might be drowned in the world's dryness  
And leave tears only to be eaten by the sun.  
But I realize now  
That the more I reach out with all of me  
The less I will have to come back  
And be down.



WOMEN ARE WEAK???!!!\*\*\*  
Margaret Trousdale '76

There was a man named Bobby Riggs  
Who belonged to the group of the chauvinistic pigs.  
"Women are weak" for weeks he did sing  
Then he met his opponent the Billie Jean King.  
The match was on a September night  
And both tennis pros put up a big fight.  
Her serve and volley and famous backhand  
Really made Riggs look like a tough man.  
Poor Bobby's mouth, too much did it run  
But it won't again after what Billie Jean's done.  
That exciting night on the 20th of September  
Makes a date that women will always remember.  
Women are weak???!!!  
Ha, that's what they think!

ATHLETE'S FOOT  
Genevieve Knox '79

I am a pair of ballet shoes, and I was made in a big factory called Genesco. After I was made I was crammed into a small shoe box. I was afraid my pretty pink dress with my white ribbons would get dirty. Luckily, nothing happened, and I ended up in a cute little store called Family Booterie.

During my visit at the store I met many friends. We would talk to each other and tell jokes. Oh, it was so much fun until one day someone bought me. It was horrible saying goodbye to the other pairs of shoes. It really broke my heart.

When I was put on my owner's feet and was danced on, it was horrible. She even said she would have to break me in. She kept on twirling me on my nose. After a while I was beginning to have a pug nose. Worst of all she had athlete's foot. One day she spilled coke on me, and that really made me mad, so I never ever made her feet comfortable any more. Later on, I was sorry I did that because the following week she threw me in the trash can. In a way I am glad she did that because I was picked up out the trash can and put on a little girl's feet. She took care of me, and I had a very happy life with her.

THOUGHTS ON STREETWALKING  
Barbara Couch '74

3 newspapers (Why would anyone toss newspapers  
at intervals into a ditch?)

1 mahogany bedpost

4 crushed cigarette packages

1 nasty unidentifiable lump

2 empty beer cans

8 million, billion coke bottle tops, dirty

straws, cigarette butts

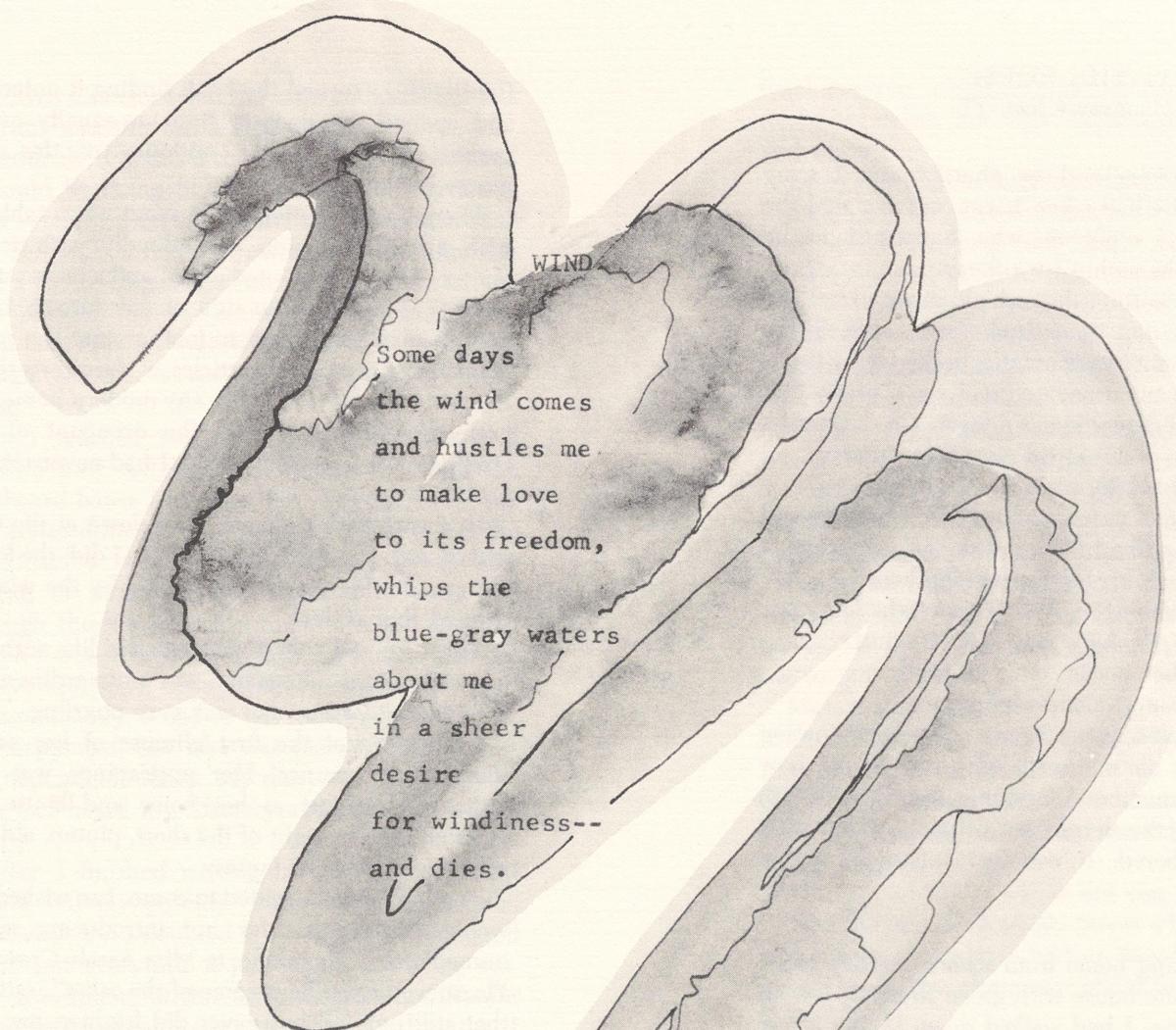
and—

Someone had planted a garden of Queen Anne's Lace and daffodils in the midst of the rubbish.

AFRAID TO EXPRESS

*Sometimes  
(they say)  
education stifles creativity,  
and the  
feline can be skinned in various and sundry ways.  
which is just to say  
(and that through education)  
I've learned;  
I've found  
lovers and loneliness  
and confidence and  
maniacs and beliefs  
and searchers for maturity and  
confused people and self.  
I found them all  
in their poetry, their writings—  
their  
self-expression!  
I'd like to write something  
for you  
but I don't want you  
to know that much  
about  
me.*

Lynn Farrar  
'74



Some days  
the wind comes  
and hustles me  
to make love  
to its freedom,  
whips the  
blue-gray waters  
about me  
in a sheer  
desire  
for windiness--  
and dies.

-Amy Hall  
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BETTY ANDREWS '75

Alone is when I call  
and there's no answer  
only mindless buzzing  
sounding more emotional  
than I'll let myself feel.  
I don't want to feel—  
I don't want to think—  
I don't.

My mind's thoughts slip away  
like blood through a murderer's fingers,  
painful reminders of the present—  
By turning my head I can even  
ignore faint stains I cannot wash away  
And my mind is blank.  
So I stare at the gliding fish  
with unmindful eyes  
heart smooth and hard as river-bottom stones  
mind like an empty bottle.  
So I imagine myself and so I am  
For a time.

## THE HOUSE

Amy Cross '77

"Hey Sue, come and see what I found. It's my old diary that I had when I was twelve", said the young girl of eighteen who happened to be cleaning out her room for college.

"I just love looking through old diaries. I bet you had some exciting times back then", replied Sue Carter who was a friend helping in this trying time.

"Don't bet any money on it. I was a pretty dull kid back then. Hey, do me a favor. Go downstairs and ask Mom to bring up my other suitcase."

"Sure, be back in a sec".

Let's see how much I remember from this old diary. My handwriting sure was bad back then.

"March 15: I saw a peculiar house this afternoon. I don't know why I keep thinking about it, it's just another house, or is it; Well, no time now. Good-night diary."

Oh, that house, just a figment of my imagination they said. It doesn't seem that way to me now because I remember everything clearly and with most dreams the details are nebulous and hardly ever remembered. It was just a figment of my imagination.

I was walking home from school one day and I noticed a white house with green shutters, just an ordinary house. I had walked down Maple Street thousands of times before, but this was the first time I paid particular attention to this quaint house.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about it. It was a white frame house surrounded by a white picket fence and a well-kept yard. There was no time to stop and gaze at an ordinary house. I had to help Mother prepare for her party.

The next day as I was walking home from school, I spotted a note tacked to the front door. Somehow, I know not how, I knew with great conviction that this note was written for me to read. Slowly, I unlatched the white gate and went through the opening. As I continued to walk up the short, brick path, half of me said stop and turn around, but the other part said to go on for I was right. The latter part won out, so as I mounted the steps, I saw it was addressed to me. How the author knew my name, I still wonder. The note read as follows:

"I saw you yesterday as you walked by my house. I wish you to come to tea today. Come right in and sit down. I will be with you in a moment."

I had really no choice for my mind had decided to go in before the note was thoroughly read.

Cautiously, I turned the knob finding it unlocked, and opened the door to find an equally quaint interior filled with the antiques of the early nineteen hundreds.

There, in the center of the room was a table set with a pot, steaming undoubtedly with tea, a platter of gayly decorated cakes, and a table setting for two. There was no sign of any human being around. As I continued to look around the room, my eyes encompassed articles of furniture that I thought were never seen in any modern home, but each drew me closer to the occupant of this fascinating house even though I had never set eyes on this person.

In accord with the note, I sat down at the table spread with the delicious repast. As I did, the lovely old grandfather clock which stood by the window chimed four o'clock.

Then, I heard a voice that sounded like nothing I had ever heard. The sound was quite ordinary but the effect it had on me was very puzzling.

Finally, I got the first glimpse of her as she rounded the corner. Her appearance was very ordinary, but just as her voice and house had affected me, the sight of the short, plump, old lady gave me a sense of fantasy.

"I am glad you decided to come. I so wished you would. Excuse me for not introducing myself immediately. My name is Miss Sarah Crawford. Please won't you have some of the cakes", said this that still puzzled but never did frighten me.

She was mostly an ordinary type, grey-haired, plump, and short, but her face the most curious thing about her. It was glowing with happiness, something I had not seen in a long time. Her cheeks were rosy red and her mouth opened wide in a big smile, dimples were at each corner of her mouth, and her eyes were sparkling with joy.

As I took a bite of the beautiful cake from the platter, the taste was so wonderful that I felt as radiant as her face. For the first time I felt at total peace with myself more than I ever felt anywhere else, even at home.

After we finished eating, she told me what these cakes were made of. I had thought they had to be decorated at a bakery, but she said she made them this afternoon.

We continued to talk for what seemed two or three hours. I told her all about my homelife and it felt good to talk to someone. All these years I had kept bottled up all my feelings and for the first time I could really talk to someone.

Back then Mom and Dad were having too many problems to help me through that trying age of twelve. When I was little I looked up to Jerry, my big brother, but then he was too involved with his own life to ever sit down and talk with me. That

day, Miss Crawford had the time and desire to talk with me and she was a total stranger.

Suddenly, I realized that I must be very late and I should be going home. As I mentioned this to Miss Sarah, the name by which she asked me to call her, the reply I received stated that the time was only 4:30, an elapse of 30 minutes since my arrival. This puzzled me also since it had seemed hours upon hours since I walked through that door. Even though the time was not late, I said that I should be going.

As I reached my new modernistic house, I realized how different this house was from the clapboard house I had just left. Not only were the two styles different, but one was a home and the other just a building where people lived. This feeling of mine became firmer as I journeyed through the house to my room. No comment on where I was or why I was late did I hear, just the same emptiness I always felt but more so.

Immediately, I had to tell someone about what had happened, but who was there to talk to, just my dependable diary. My diary was the only one who had heard my lifestory and problems before today.

After I finished writing in my diary, I felt I should tell my parents. They might have been interested, but I doubted it. At supper I tried to tell them, but everytime it just would not come out. The atmosphere at this table was totally different from the small table just a few hours before that I sat at. I know my family loved me, but they didn't show it.

Well, the next day I stopped by Miss Sarah's for tea after school. Like the day before we chatted and had a good time. She let me listen to her radio which was different from Jerry's. His is small and has a lot of numbers and knobs. Hers was much bigger and a lot simpler. It was in the shape of arches and had just two knobs at the bottom. The station it picked up was one I had never heard before or any like it. It sounds like something 30 years ago.

Each day I stopped at Miss Sarah's. We had tea and did something interesting or we just talked. Everything she had fascinated me, and I just loved being there. I always thought I had been there three or four hours when it had only been about an hour.

Her record player was always something I enjoyed listening to. She did not call it a record player but a Victrola. Ours had two speakers, an automatic arm, and other devices that this one did not have.

Miss Sarah even taught me how to bake those delicious cakes and other foods as well. Always at home our cook did the cooking and she never would

teach me how. I had seen our cook using mixes to make her cakes, but Miss Sarah put in real flour and sugar.

Every day I spent there was full of happiness and joy. One day I was having such a lovely time I must have stayed too long and fallen asleep. When I awoke, I wasn't in my quaint clapboard house, but lying in the midst of a big, dark field with my leg throbbing terribly. I did not know where I was and became very frightened. I called to Miss Sarah but even she had deserted me.

Then, I heard a voice calling my name, but it was hazy and unclear. I felt someone picking me up and carrying me away and I felt warm and loved. The next thing I knew was that I was lying in a hospital room with my parents smiling down at me.

Daddy said that he had found me in the lot on which the bank was building their office on Maple Street. He said I was unconscious and he brought me to the hospital.

Mama said, "We were so worried when you were lost, we didn't know what to do. We just realized how much you mean to us by you almost being taken away forever. We know that we have not been the parents we should have been, but all that's going to change."

"Daddy", I said, "where did you find me?"

"On the corner of Maple Street where the bank is going up. Somebody told us they had seen you over there a few afternoons about four o'clock. Is that true?"

"No, I was always visiting a friend that lives on that corner."

"How could you? There aren't any houses there."

"Well, I do not know, but I don't think I'll need to go back again," I said smiling a big smile.

Just then I heard a small cry from the bed beside me. There was a little girl about eleven years old. She had dark, curly hair and brown eyes, now sparkling with tears.

The door of our room opened suddenly and a short, plump, grey-haired lady with a face glowing with happiness entered. Did my eyes deceive me or was this my Miss Sarah? She walked over to the adjoining bed and comforted my little roommate. No, this lady wasn't my Miss Sarah, for my friend called her Miss Susan.

"Carol, Carol are you all right? You were really out. Your Mom is bringing up your other suitcase in a minute," said Sue.

"Thanks for asking her", said Carol just coming out of her daze.

"While we are waiting, how about looking through your old diary?"

"No, what's the use. Everything in there is past history and what matters is now and the future. So, lets hurry up and finish so we can go to the movie."

A HAUNTED HOUSE  
Nancy Swystun '77

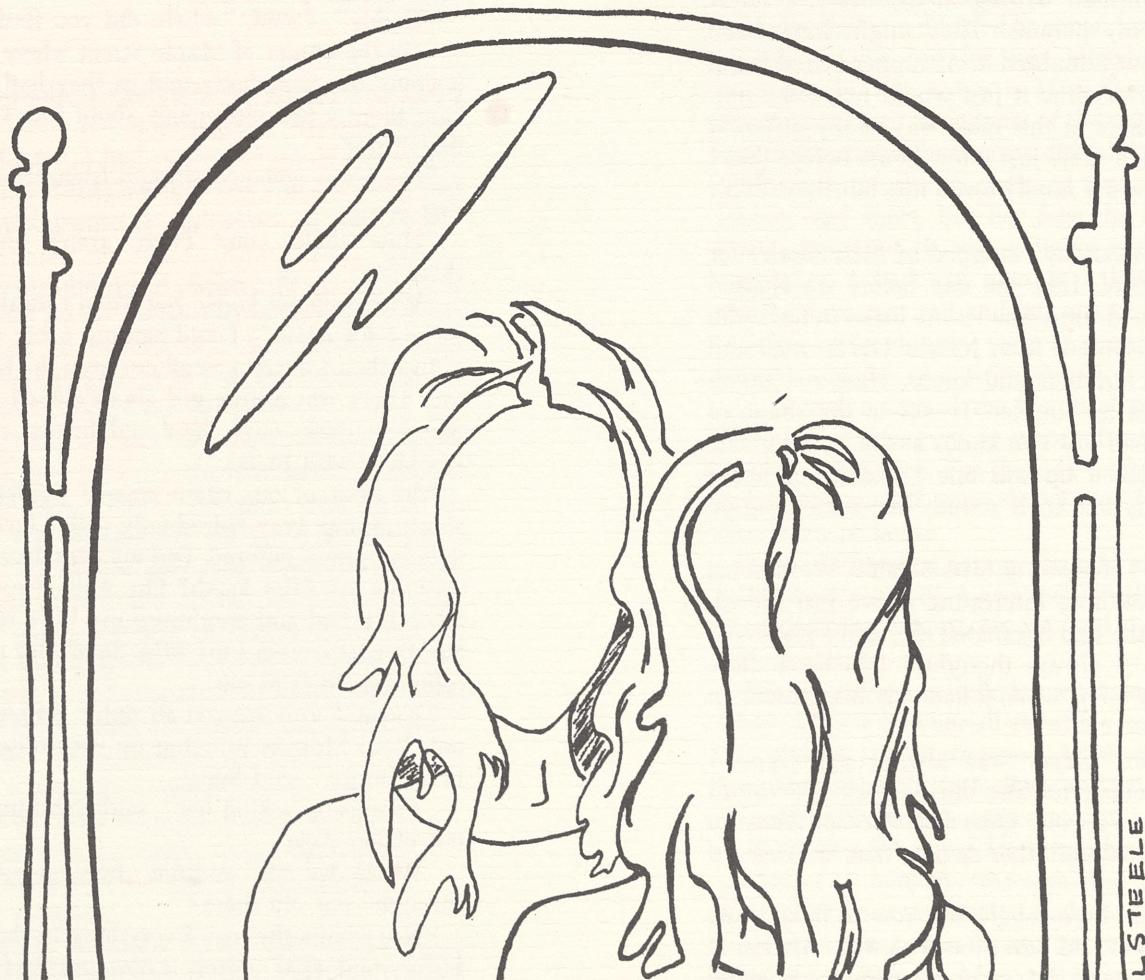
*Step into my house of horror.  
Look into your inner self.  
Meet yourself  
As others see you.*

*Hear the laughter of evil inside you.  
Hear the gentler laughter of the good.  
Hear those laughing with you,  
And those at you.*

*See the colors of your soul,  
Blue as heaven, black as sin.  
And the colors of your mind,  
Gray and dull or orange bright.*

*Feel how people feel about you,  
Glowing like a firefly,  
Stinging like a wasp,  
Getting an impression like a fly buzzing by.*

*Finally, hear the music that is you,  
Playing over, and over, and over. . .*



### A FIELD OF FLOWERS

*You are in a field of flowers, my child,  
there is a sparkling dew on the flowers  
although the sun is shining brightly,  
there is a fresh, cool breeze blowing across your face,  
it is a glorious day,  
You smile as you fall asleep  
in a field of flowers.*

*But as you sleep you dream,  
You dream of war,  
You dream of a place where  
one does not know if he will  
live till the next day,  
A place where one is always cold,  
always scared,  
always hungry.*

*Sleep on, my child, for you are in a field of flowers.*

Lauren Muller  
'77

### THE DANCE OF LIFE

Jennifer Orth '79

*I dance on lively feet, bowing then leaping to the terse commands  
I twirl, dizzy and confused, yet dancing  
No answers, no explanations, only an insistant rhythm  
If the meaning of the dance were ever taught, it was soon forgotten  
Though my mind revels, my feet keep tracing the dance's pattern  
I grow slowly tired, my feet drag despite the quickening pace  
I whirl faster—the hectic tune—when suddenly, the dance is ended.*

### SONNET

Amy Cross '77

*A small, but living babe was born this day,  
To spread some happiness around the world.  
Her hair was like the shade of golden hay,  
Her smile as bright and pretty as a pearl.  
The days went past with joy and happiness,  
But soon to end before the sun was set.  
Her blue eyes were shut in their loveliness.  
This girl went up and with the clouds she met,  
A glowing light as bright as light might be.  
She saw the crimson lake and gates of gold,  
And heard, "Come to the sight so I may see,"  
And she went without having to be told.  
This day her life of good and pain is o'er,  
But who but God could have asked for more.*

VOYAGE OF THOUGHT  
Julie Hancock '74

I've got a boat to sail  
The vast seas of your mind  
The voyage is rough, many storms blow  
But my boat will face them all unflinchingly.

Often the sea seems blue, yet I know it is green  
For feelings of hurt can never change color.  
Are you hurt?

Sometimes this ocean opens to me its song of hope  
entwined with despair.  
More often the waves are too high for me to see anything  
there.

Life is a vessel that bears me well  
Through the waters of your mind  
I know what you feel, I've felt it too  
Are you so sure I can't help you?

I'm not full of deep thoughts.  
Usually I haven't a thought of my own  
But take my hand, and we'll sail this sea,  
back to sanity  
or maybe, just sail away. . .

WEATHER  
Barbara Couch '74

My kind of weather is windy and wild,  
Made wet by rain droplets flung on the breeze  
Airborn, the showers of dry falling leaves  
Are captured by wind as they swirl from the trees.

The change of seasons is a violent time  
Then nature's mystery is forceful and strong:  
It's temperament magnified by its power,  
Each of its moods carried on the wind's song.

That's when the weather is windy and wild,  
When the air carries a stormy refrain.  
Then I can whirl in the path of the leaves;  
I fly with the wind — and fall with the rain.

Vanessa Draper '75

We're beaten and bruised, but ready to fight,  
We'll play after school, or even at night.

We've lost all feeling from the neck on down,  
Our muscles are rebelling and our heads are going round.

Our stomachs are churning, we had no lunch,  
Our aching bodies stand, in a huddled bunch.

The plans are made, the ball is snapped,  
The game's getting hot, I just got slapped!

Fumble and everyone falls on the ball,  
No one gets up, they're all dead from the fall.

This is just touch, and we still get sore,  
I don't think our bodies can take much more.

You reach for a flag and give a jerk,  
You suddenly realize you're holding a shirt.

You seek out your victim, then muffle a scream  
The shirt belonged to a member of the faculty team.

## ON THE ROAD

*On the road  
I learned  
that all is all  
and nothing, something  
to be anticipated;  
for the future  
is Now  
(as is the past).  
See, where the  
ribbon of grass  
expands,  
a water tank is  
striding  
ostrich-like  
across the fields  
of prehistoria.  
And there!  
the Gulf-sign  
moon is rising  
above the lazy  
trees (that lie  
like veins upon the  
air).  
Such ultra-ultra  
twilight  
cannot be unreal.*

*What is,  
is that the road ends  
long after we  
have stopped  
to watch the lights;  
for, of the future,  
see we no shape—  
only the lights  
of electric cities  
capsulized in  
their lights and  
concrete technology  
of nothing.  
In this primeval  
jungle of reality,  
the sweaty relief  
of not being  
hangs like  
the still streamers  
of stars  
we've never seen.*

Amy Hall  
'74



THOSE DOORS  
Martha Delvaux '77

*Those humongous doors minutes to open, took all my strength; the big brass doors with gold handles and hinges were a challenge every school morning.*

*My hands would grip around those bony knobs and I would turn the handle slowly*

*The door—with all my strength—would begin to creak open, and I would try to slip through the door without opening it all the way*

*Sometimes I make it, sometimes I didn't.*

*On my coming back, it easily opened*

UTOPIA  
Susan Gibson '74

*Another sleepless night.  
How many times  
I've awakened from slumber  
To find the world outside  
Bathed in a mystical, moonlit aura,  
Not unlike my dreams.*

*Moon enchantment still prevailing,  
My flashlit thoughts all revolving,  
On midnight beauty—the other world—  
Where memories abound  
And take their pleasure.  
Oh for the waste of wakeless sleepers!*

MAIL

#4  
Sarah Lashlee '74

*We may know  
No one feels  
Feelings of discomfort  
Discomforting words  
Words leave us wondering  
Wonder at what appears  
Appearing to be yourself  
Yourself is peeping out  
Out of windows small  
Small enough for me to know  
No one else is there.*

*I run to the mailbox everyday  
Hoping that someone will write me and say,  
“I miss you, I love you” or “How was your day?”*

*Letters or postcards I really don't care,  
Coupons or samples of things for your hair,  
Postcards from church saying, “Why weren't you there?”*

*I just need a boyfriend, a small bill or two,  
A secret admirer would certainly do,  
Someone to keep me from feeling so blue.*

*When I open the mailbox with all of my might,  
There's never a message to cause me delight.  
I'm begging you world, “Won't somebody write?”*

Mary Stamps  
'76

## THE WARRIORS

Up with the sun, strong and proud  
The young Warrior dons his armor  
of shining mettle.  
He prepares for the coming day, the  
noon, the ensuing battle  
His War steed pacing, stamping to  
the sound of beating drums  
Anxious to carry the load of raw-man  
power to war  
Hungry for the tension built of expectancy  
and readiness  
The pair of warriors, sun-glinting in  
their splendor  
Await the Final call to Victory; or  
Defeat.  
Sprung like a trap they thrust their  
raw integrity forward  
Like the blunt edges of the sword against  
the opposing foe.  
The heavy sound of man and metal  
clashing,  
To the sound of hoofbeats against  
the hard, sun-baked earth;  
And the tide of battle shakes to  
and fro, side to side as  
If both nations know that with  
defeat comes dishonor; and Death.  
The Warrior strikes again—to utilize  
his last bit of untapped will and power.  
His War horse knows his plight  
and he plunges forward  
In aid of man-god mount.  
Together they live the height of  
life's true meaning  
In that one great moment of  
luck-fate and uncertainty.  
Together they reach the sunset.  
The Battle is won, the War is over.  
Together, the proud and War-fought  
team has found Victory,  
And the promise of another sunrise.

Blair Scoville  
'74

## WRONG NUMBER

Margaret Trousdale '76

One night I heard the telephone ring  
The excitement in my heart began to take wing.  
Was it him or was it not?  
As my stomach fluttered I began to get hot.  
Bells began to ring in my ears  
My eyes overflowed, I mistook them for tears  
I picked up the phone, was it for me  
Oh could it be, oh could it be?  
A sexy voice dominated the line  
My own voice was far from benign.  
Many thoughts ran through my head  
Was it Jim or John or Tom or Ted  
Is this a dream, am I in slumber?  
But to my dismay it was a wrong number.

## UNTITLED

Aurie Hall '77

The old man sat  
spinning the thread of his life  
and weaving it into  
a tapestry  
that reflected him.  
The frogs in his throat  
croaked as he talked.  
He talked of  
the mountains  
and the people.  
His eyes reflected his loneliness,  
but he survived.  
Mechanical looms came,  
but he stubbornly stuck to his old wooden one  
and spun his thread  
and wove his tapestry.  
Nylon thread came,  
but he stubbornly spun his cotton thread  
and wove his tapestry.  
We looked back  
and he was still there,  
spun into the tapestry  
that reflected him  
and his loneliness.

"No! No! No! I am not going to the symphony!"  
"You're going to go and that's final," said Daddy.  
"I can't stand that stupid conductor."  
"He's not stupid, he's an administrator of musical culture," said Mom.

"I don't have anything to wear."

"Wear that lovely knee-length pink chiffon dress," said Mom.

"Not on your life," I said.

"What?" said Dad.

That's the way it goes. Fights, fights, fights — nag, nag, nag. Why do they make me go? I'd rather stay home and talk on the phone and play records. They think they're helping me out — doing me a favor by "exposing me to the art of music." What do I care about that phony conductor and his musical magpies? I can listen to music at home. I can play the guitar, but no, I have to be exposed to that queer music. Classical music isn't so bad, it's just jazz and classical music I can't stand. Another Sunday of suffering. I could always go into my room, slam the door and lock it. That wouldn't do any good. I'd only get into more trouble. I could always go and fidget and make obscene gestures towards the musicians. Anyway you look at it, I'd get into trouble. I might as well give in. Who needs more trouble? I've got enough as it is. Maybe I'll even enjoy it.

ajw

'76

IN MEMORY OF J.N.B.  
Susie Dicker '76

Life. It flits past so quickly, like a butterfly fluttering from one flower to another, blessing each with its presence, yet remaining just far enough away to prevent its capture. No one can hold on to life forever. It is so precious and yet no one realizes its genuine beauty or true value. When the butterfly leaves one flower for another, it takes with it its power of life, partial to neither the young nor the loved, those who have given so much to so many. Yet this free-winged creature, unaware of the surrounding occurrences, continues about its business with only a slight hesitation.



LONELY  
Mary Stamps '76

*Being lonely is a miserable feeling.  
A feeling of being lost, unwanted and useless.  
No one seems to care.  
Your thoughts, ideas, and problems are all your own.  
They are known to no one else,  
Not that you wouldn't commute them to someone else,  
but who?  
Your feelings and concerns could be told to anyone,  
And they might even be heard,  
But not really understood.  
Hearing isn't enough.  
People have to listen to understand.  
And often people don't listen,  
And don't seem to care.  
So many times I nod my head and answer,  
Pretending I'm listening, but I'm not.  
I make other people feel lonely,  
But now I'm lonely.  
Will anyone listen?*

DAWN

*In the quiet seconds  
of almost day  
the breathless hush  
of fleeing footsteps  
left me sobbing  
for something lost  
at dawn.*

Amy Hall  
'74

BETH SMITH '77

*A small girl  
wrinkles childish freckles  
reflection in  
the window  
Me! big and tall  
Me—in pink silk  
those shoes with funny toes  
Dance!  
round and round  
tiptoes  
Dance  
round and round  
in graceful light  
everlilting music  
sends me  
floating dancing  
like the leaves  
a shower of color  
red, sways in the sunlight  
yellow skips to the breeze  
orange tripping those limbs  
toss smile  
a game  
gently dropping  
to bow  
at the end  
of a dance  
like waves  
run, chase lap  
in movement with the wind  
foamy gurgles sing  
rolling crests  
swallow  
Dance  
Oh that I might dance  
like leaves! like waves!  
When I am Big  
learn from looking out  
my window  
reflection smiled  
"My child"  
a voice  
zephyr in the reverie  
"It is I"  
"Only my fingers stir the silent air  
And all I have fashioned and keep  
in joy  
Dance"*

OFTENTIMES  
Amy Hall '74

*Shall I change for the moment  
Or forever,  
Just to ease your mind?  
For you peddle love for  
Gratitude,  
And oftentimes I've cried.  
Without your knowing I've told  
You why,  
Just to ease my mind.  
I took your love; you bought  
My thanks—  
And oftentimes I've cried.*

